THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

Volume VIII | New York, Wednesday, July 18, 1928 | Number 11

CONTENTS

The Elusive Shades..... 279
Week by Week..... 281
Et Tu, Herald Tribune!..... 284
What Chance Has Smith?..... Charles Willis Thompson 285
Standish O'Grady: A Memory..... James J. Walsh 287
To Francis Ledwidge (*verse*)..... John P. Barton 288
Moors and Mandarins.....Vincent Engels 288
Candle-Light (*verse*) ..... Evangeline Chapman Cozzens 289
Conventions, Old Style...Michael G. Heintz 289
Courage (*verse*)....Sarah Hammond Kelly 290
Communications 290
Books.....Henry Longan Stuart, Charlotte Kellogg, Hugh F. Blunt, Harry McGuire, Ernest F. Boddington, J. D. Logan 292
The Quiet Corner..... 297

THE ELUSIVE SHADES

A RECENTLY published biography of Houdini, the famous magician, may redirect popular attention to the phenomena of spiritism, in which he took so deep an interest. Every case of mediumship he looked into proved to be fraudulent; and in some instances the reputation of the impostor was so great that exposure nearly broke the hearts of countless believers. Immediately after his searching examination of the facts in the matter, confidence in the "spirits" began to wane, so that the planchette boards and table-rappings of twenty years ago have passed, along with mah jong and croquet, into the realm of games one does not play. It may well be that such scepticism is extreme. Certainly the grave psychical societies still in existence have records of happenings which one would not like to dismiss with a shrug, and quite as certainly the popular mind retains a conviction that "influences from beyond" take a part in daily life.

However all this may be, our immediate concern at the present time is with the fact that, throughout the ages, mankind has sought a message from someone among the departed without ever having succeeded in a single instance that has endured the scrutiny of either science or religious authority. Though numberless hearts have ached for the touch of hands made irresponsive by death, no shade has returned to give the desired embrace. Greece and mediaeval Italy, modern Paris and awakening China, are alike in this: no traveler has knocked at the gateway of mortality, the secret has been closely guarded. This fact has a peculiar pertinence now. No one thing happens to be more characteristic of twentieth-century thinking than the practice of writing all its hopes and aspirations in terms of humanity—to conceive of the universe, and even of God Himself, in terms of man. The prevalent distrust of all that is miraculous or supernatural, the growing inability to imagine God making a specific revelation to the world, has led steadily to the feeling that all which is good or evil is present in nature, and, beyond this, to the conviction that man, obviously the master of nature, is the answer unto himself. What else do the savants of Chicago teach?

Such beliefs may be decidedly real even when they have never been expressed in so many words. One's spiritual outlook depends fundamentally upon a simple choice between thinking of the world as a hierarchy of beings ascending steadily toward absolute perfection, of going from matter to spirit, and thinking of it as one "being" capable of unlimited variations. The habits of science, when they become habits of life, tend to inculcate acceptance of the second view. Constant reckoning in terms of the great laws which govern the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

inter-action of energy and matter, and constant awareness of the practical results that flow from such reckoning, make it fatally easy to stop looking beyond nature's horizon. Many even among those who are today dissatisfied with life that seems empty at heart, who seek everywhere for the comfort of a light more deathless than any star, are pathetically unable to lift their eyes above the merely human level. That is why the puncturing of bubbles such as Houdini helped to pierce, leads numerous souls in our time not toward wisdom but to the brink of despair.

It should be worth bearing in mind, therefore, that all contacts with "another world" about which mankind possesses unimpeachable knowledge are decidedly non-human—or rather, superhuman—in character. From the Witch of Endor, to whom King Saul turned for recondite advice, to the devilish intelligence recorded by the annals of diabolical possession, there is a long list of "beings" which have left behind them an imprint of unfathomable evil. And on the other hand, though every mystic's first achievement is knowledge of the human entity as such, he invariably goes (when he is strong and loyal to his quest) beyond that to the intuition of Another with reference to whom all human things are merely analogies. Nor is the evidence of unearthly goodness, of everlasting radiance mirrored in the faces of angels and saints, reserved for the mystic alone. For those who have chosen rightly, the universe of holiness is never entirely hidden behind a veil.

Such facts are most interesting in view of a situation to which a Protestant writer has recently referred in advancing the point that the "Catholic Church is still making a few converts." In his opinion, most of these "few" adhere to a psychological type steadily growing more rare—the type which wearies of modern criticism of all spiritual values once securely established and which, like Mr. Chesterton, is a "rebel against rebellion." Men are becoming more and more willing to swim with the modern current. And so, for those who do not care to part with all spiritual aspirations and aids, the only thing possible will be to accept some variety of liberalistic Protestantism. Religious tenets elastic enough to yield under the pressure of the dogmas of science—these alone can invite the allegiance of a modern man.

We might very well question the authenticity of the report that the Catholic Church is making only a "few" converts, and that these are all of one color. Suffice it to say that just as many narratives of conversion are being written as ever, and that if these testify to any one thing it is to the diversity of the authors. Our concern is, however, with the argument advanced, which seems plausible enough until we go back over the ground covered by history and confront the choice previously defined. To decide in favor of one "being" is simply to destroy all the evidences of religion. On such a premise you cannot even reason that God exists; for the only sound proofs for theism ever derived from the study of nature—those formulated by Saint Thomas—depend upon conceiving of the real universe as a hierarchy of forms, causes and values. And though nature does tell us of the existence of God, what else has it revealed concerning Him? Nor is there any excuse for terming Christianity a religion—that is, something immeasurably more holy than human speculation—unless one believes that it was given to man directly from a supernatural source. And so, though it would doubtless be incorrect to say that the Catholic Church is rapidly becoming the only possible form of spiritual life inside Christendom, it is most certainly true that Christian peoples will have faith only in so far as they accept the fundamental choice which the Church so continually exemplifies.

Such considerations direct attention to the large difficulties which religion confronts in addressing modern society. The problem is now seldom a matter of settling such and such a controversial detail, but of getting people to orientate their whole lives according to the compass of the supernatural. Though the establishment of Christianity is fundamentally a matter of historical record—is a question of fact which every new research into history corroborates—it will be accepted only by those who are willing to concede that the supernatural is not merely an addition to but an integral part of life. To render them "willing" is the central business of apologetic. You must not encourage their scepticism by professing anything that smacks of superstition. On the other hand, you must avoid cutting the other world adrift from this. The central ground, which is precisely that occupied by truth, must become the habitual terrain of those who profess to be apostles of religion.

It is just here that the achievement of modern English Catholicism has been so estimable and so advantageous to all who will use it. Fundamentally all of it, from the beginnings of the Oxford Movement through Cardinal Newman and the Baron von Hügel, is a literature which expresses the nature of the Christian choice. It is a definition, new in some respects but yet faithful to the spirit of Aquinas, of the realm of the supernatural. To possess oneself of it, to the fullest measure possible, is rapidly becoming a duty which the time is imposing upon educated Catholics. For they live, not merely in an age which is the victim of fundamental intellectual mistakes, but verily also among men whom need, as deep as life itself, daily urges to sit in places as phantom-like and fatuous as those which Houdini explored. The spiritual hunger visible round about us is pitiful; and it is part of the essence of every man who combines intelligence with Christian faith that he have "compassion with the multitude." Wedding truth to charity, let us not fear to tap once again those streams of reverence and light, of serenity and harmony, of joy and radiant understanding, in which from time immemorial heaven has overflowed upon our earthly abode.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE COMMONWEAL

Published weekly and copyrighted 1928, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, Grand Central Terminal, New York, N. Y.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Editor

Assistant Editors

THOMAS WALSH — MARY KOLARS
HENRY LONGAN STUART — GEORGE N. SHUSTER

JOHN F. McCORMICK, Business Manager

Editorial Council

T. LAWRASON RIGGS — JAMES J. WALSH
CARLTON J. H. HAYES — R. DANA SKINNER
BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE

United States: $5.00 — Foreign: $6.00
Canada: 5.50 — Single Copies: .10

WEEK BY WEEK

DISCUSSION of the question of the Rhineland occupation, an ever-present factor in all German political situations, was made the most notable feature of Chancellor Herman Mueller's first declaration to the Reichstag. The appeal for a speedy evacuation of at least the second Rhenish zone will meet the instant approval of the French Socialist deputies and senators who were elected on a withdrawal pledge. But the Quai d'Orsay's willingness to accede is colored by its demand for a quid pro quo. Maintenance of garrisons on the Rhine has been costly for France, yet the Allies' presence there has been financially of great strategic importance. Without doubt France is ready for evacuation if Germany will offer satisfactory terms. When Dr. Stresemann intimated last February that Germany might discuss an advance payment on her reparations account, M. Briand immediately emphasized that such an arrangement must precede evacuation. He made a further condition providing for permanent League control over the demilitarized zone. Since the issue had been resolved into bargaining, there could be little surprise that Poland, too, presented demands. Monetary guarantees do not interest the Poles but the Rhineland occupation has naturally been regarded in Warsaw as a guarantee of Germany's pacifism. Poland, therefore, wishes substitute guarantees of peace.

MEANWHILE European distrust of Germany sadly needs exorcism. Tactically it has been expedient for the Allies, particularly France, to stress this war-bequeathed sentiment. It is gratifying that German statesmen persist in making the continuance of such a policy more and more difficult. The new Socialist Chancellor's proclamation of peaceful intent and denunciation of the revenge idea has already caused most favorable reaction in France. His added plea that, if evacuation is delayed, "a most significant opportunity for translating into acts the policy of reconciliation will have been neglected, although all the preliminary conditions for such action are proved," is idealistic yet just and powerful. France, too, should be influenced by the fact that French concessions on the Rhine weaken the Junker party, which is endeavoring to supplant a peaceful democracy by a régime of chauvinistic militarism.

DRAMA shot with tragedy still focuses universal attention on the Arctic fastnesses. The day's news of heroic rescues is succeeded by the morrow's knowledge of new lives endangered. Disintegrating floes, unremitting storms, constant frigidity, fight for the extinction of the Nobile expedition against a group of men whose intrepidity has never been surpassed. Such disasters are the natural concomitants of epic achievements in pioneering, but seldom in this age is man forced to watch a struggle for life where every advantage gained is by new jeopardy. Amundsen's disappearance, now all the more ominous, is the most heartrending incident of the entire catastrophe. Men who are thrust accidentally into danger command our immediate sympathy and prayers, but he who deliberately and unselfishly exposes himself to those appalling perils from which he hopes to save others becomes at once an inspiration. The world salutes its new heroes, Lundborg, Sverdrup, Gran, Olsen and their gallant associates, whose achievements, crowned or uncrowned by success, are equally brilliant.

THE Louvain Library incident ended peacefully if not altogether happily, in the dedication of the new building without the contentious inscription, accompanied by a shower of green handbills from the air repeating the now famous Latin words which have caused so much heart-searching, apparently without any comment. The Commonweal more than once expressed its desire that the interests of international amity should preëmpt the bitter memories that the rape of Belgium left behind it, at least to the extent of sparing a commemoration of them whose very fashion was a plea for permanence. All the more, therefore, does it feel entitled to make one or two observations on the subject. One is that the act of self-denial asked from Belgian feeling (we are not referring to Belgian officialdom) has not always been as delicately phrased in America as its merits demanded. From a distance at which such things as the shooting of civilians taken with arms in their hands and the overwhelming of a neutral population legitimately on their defense, with an avalanche of steel and fire, came

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

only as a press story, it is fatally easy to assume an attitude of self-righteousness very difficult for the actual sufferers to stomach.

ANOTHER is that we believe the incident would never have occurred had there been evidence, on the part of the government which has succeeded to the kaiser's autocracy, of any real and corporate repentance for the unprecedented violation that began the war. Forgiveness, to say nothing of forgetfulness, at least supposes some measure of confession and repentance. Except in quarters which suffer from their affiliations with socialism and communism, this has never been made evident in Germany. Much has been heard of the "legend of war guilt"; very little of a legend of war innocence, which is growing stronger and stronger as time passes. As short a time ago as last September, in his address at the dedication of the Tannenberg victory monument, President and Marshal von Hindenberg used language differing in no respect from that familiar before defeat had (presumably) chastened German war spirit. The war was still "the supreme measure of defense imposed on a nation surrounded by enemies," the raiders and reavers of Belgium, men who "marched with a pure heart for the defense of the fatherland." Germania, the organ of the Catholic Centre party, supplies the interesting information that before being made the speech was communicated to and approved by the members of the Reich government. It is such incidents as these that put real peace farther off each time they occur. No sane man today believes Germany solely responsible for the catastrophe which had been banking up for years. But the fashion in which the war was waged, the "fury" which marked it from the first "putsch" into Belgium, is a totally different matter. To profit by the confusion between the two questions may be as skilful a maneuver as to appeal to the general desire for peace and good-will whenever such an incident as the Louvain inscription crops up. But there is no reason, because we are glad to see the inscription laid aside, that we should pretend our own judgment is confused.

IRRESPECTIVE of political convictions and personal appraisal, there can be few who follow the news emanating from Brule without a sympathetic joy. The nation is being treated to the sight of an executive who has been noted for his dourness and diligence genuinely at play. This summer there has been no thought of the gallery, no gingerly posing with an intimidating steed, no listless shaking of favor-seeking hands. Instead Calvin Coolidge has been the "Cal" whom decades of public life had almost eclipsed. One can readily imagine his relief that the Republican candidate for his office, so weighted with honors and burdens, is a man who can immediately take over the leadership of the party. For the President is anxious to shed responsibility over the period of his vacation. Because we envy him, because we appreciate the happiness of the Coolidge family, because we find in our chief executive a most likable human trait, his countrymen rejoice with him.

ONE cannot but speculate on the processes of mind which have led Archbishop Soderblom of Uppsala of the established Lutheran Church of Sweden, Prochancellor of the University of Uppsala, to oppose the recent bill for alleviating the lot of Sweden's religious minorities. At present it is necessary for a Swedish subject to appear in person before an appointed state official before he may be excused from membership in the state church. A government employee loses his place on the civil list unless he secures special permission from the king before resigning his Lutheranism. It is illegal for Protestant children to attend Catholic schools, though the government grants a yearly license to the latter—a license which, however, may at any moment be suspended. The special permission of the crown is necessary to qualify the Catholic Church to acquire property, and since 1914 it has been forbidden to accept donations or bequests. No religious communities may be established, and cloisters are forbidden, although schools, hospitals and asylums may be conducted by nuns and priests officially tolerated. The bill in question, introduced by the Committee of Authorities on Religious Freedom after two years' study, would somewhat mitigate these and other disqualifications. It would, for instance, allow Catholics and Jews the right of graduating from all national and public schools in which they would become eligible for positions as teachers.

IT IS true that Archbishop Soderblom is defender of the privileges accorded the Swedish establishment at the Reformation. But as these are expressly perpetuated in the bill that portion of his charge cannot be considered to be in danger. The fact that for seven years he occupied the post of rector of the Swedish Church in Paris (1894-1901) and that he served as professor in the University of Leipsic (1912-1914) lends an added strangeness to his intolerance. Entrenched in the old university town of Uppsala the Archbishop may easily have his ears dulled by conservative officials anxious for their moieties in his established church. But there is a class outside his sanctuary, a whole world of nations who have adjusted themselves to the mutual tolerance of twentieth-century civilization, who will probably get out their microscopes to determine what sort of prelate can set himself up publicly to oppose so mild a regulation of his powers and income as has been recommended in the name of toleration and freedom by the Swedish Committee of Authorities.

MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW'S summing up of his economic faith, to which The Commonweal referred two weeks ago in its main editorial, has been

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

widely reviewed, and we notice that in one or two estimates the question has been raised whether a book published late in the life of a thinker and philosopher is entitled to special prestige for being, more or less, a testament. Making all allowances for the effect fame and success notoriously have in "easing off" a writer's convictions, we think it may fairly claim added importance for being final and personal. The most articulate and industrious thinker who has ever taken pen in hand to be guide, philosopher and friend to humanity, cannot look back upon the past record of his thought without perceiving many a hiatus and lacuna in its logical development. Experience has corrected many of the earlier assumptions. Events that could not be foreseen have written their marginalia on many a page. And, while such things naturally reduce the value of a host of conclusions, they lend an added sincerity—an added power of conviction, to those which, in spite of rebuffs at the hand of human accident, are held to faithfully and stubbornly. We might add that we are not referring to the practice, prevalent among our younger expressers, of taking the public into the secret of their temperamental development at a season when such things have a prospective rather than retrospective value, and of investing themselves with the glamour of the past while they are still bustling, thriving and quite accessible figures in the present.

ANY exchange of ideas between workers, employers and economic experts necessarily results in a certain good. Frequently the mere exposition of attitude or principle is sufficient to clarify a situation. In conformity with this, the Catholic Conference on Industrial Problems, which recently concluded its sixth annual meeting in Cincinnati, must be judged a success. To the Reverend Francis Haas the conference owes a clear-cut definition of the Catholic's fundamental duty in his social obligations and thought. He must firmly hold "to the sacred rights of the individual to life and development; to the sole adequacy of the family as the means of rearing, educating and protecting the child; to the free fusion of wills in the making of contracts, and to the duty of the state not only to protect life, but to create a condition in which it is possible for all to enjoy the opportunity of normal growth and development." That the application of these rules to industrial life is today more an ideal than a reality must at once be obvious in a country where an agrarian population is so embattled and where the situation in the coal fields is little short of a national scandal. Although we do not believe that any immediate and startling effect will follow the Cincinnati discussions, there is no question that the solution of economic difficulties will be greatly furthered by this group.

SINCE the growing individualism of fame has proceeded so far that the radio announces its announcers, the names of reporters appear above police items, and theatre programs include costume-makers with the cast, it is to be expected that the translator will soon come into his own, too. He is almost alone in his anonymity, and undeservedly. The editorials and obituary notices of the death of Isabel F. Hapgood give promise of an early day when translation will be recognized as a branch of art. The result will be a general gain, for hitherto the translator, having no reward in fame, has found it solely in the consciousness of work well done. Of course it is not always well done, but it will be better done when it is paid for—not in dollars, but in respect. Most Americans know Dumas's most famous novels, for instance, by a good translation and a bad one. If they knew him only by the popular translation of The Count of Monte Cristo, they might think him a writer devoid of style; but The Three Musketeers was translated by an artist. It is unfortunate that George R. Sims, who translated one of Balzac's minor works with immense spirit, never tried his hand at the greater ones; the English-speaking public would have known Balzac better. As long as translation had nothing in it but money, and an uninspired translation was just as profitable as a brilliant one, it is astonishing that so many good translations were made. The Hapgood editorials are a sign of a better day.

THERE is always a peculiar charm in an author's reply to his critics—a something which, if the repartee is satisfactory, is very like a turning of the tables in the ninth inning or a presentation to the poor widow of a legacy after she has been ejected for failing to pay off a mortgage. And when the author happens to be Mr. Chesterton, writing in the London Mercury, a ringside seat at the performance is advised. It turns into a defense of fundamental ideas, as might be expected, but manages nevertheless to concern itself principally with style. "Avoiding alliteration" is, he observes, a phrase that exemplifies the very malady it harangues against. For alliteration is a habit with Englishmen using English speech. Mr. Chesterton confesses that, to him, it would be "a terrible strain on the mind to be always ready with a synonym," and adds: "I like to think of Mr. Cuthbert Wright, in some headlong moment of American hustle, still having the self-control to cry, 'Time and fluctuation wait for no man!'" Puns likewise are a harmless habit, against which too much protest is again, perhaps, a sign of femininity in men. "To decorate an argument with puns and verbal tricks may be a superficial folly, but it is better than the sort of folly that is not superficial."

ALL the aesthetes—even classical-minded ones like Mr. T. S. Eliot—are, so Mr. Chesterton thinks, afraid to be "buffoons" for the reason that they wish to avoid identifying themselves with the rest of men. They are busy with derivative things—things which have passed through the sterilized or perfumed alem-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bic of their own personalities—whereas the concern of the publicist is with "primary facts; and one of these primary facts is the people." The difference is epochal, because it involves the whole significance of the artist "who is the man who is more and not less intelligible than other men," because "it is the mass of men whose feelings remain relatively incomprehensible, even to themselves." The modern direction means spinning jokes intelligible to some people only, and proposing philosophies only a few can accept with relative impunity. Thus taste becomes a new solvent of mankind, more destructive and corrosive than any recorded by history. Sum up the argument and you have: alliterations and puns are popular habits of speech, and are therefore symbols of the effort to address language to, and in terms of, mankind. This one will grant, without being wholly convinced, however, that the extent to which Mr. Chesterton has indulged the habit is entirely commendable in one born to say so many excellent things.

ET TU, HERALD TRIBUNE!

STRANGE and significant things are occurring in this country peopled by wets and drys. The two major parties have sawed twin prohibition planks by a design that is least offensive to widely divergent elements. Yet despite the caution of the platform makers the two candidates, even prior to the conventions, have taken matters into their own hands. The stand of Governor Smith on Volsteadism is unequivocal save to those who, accustomed to the deviousness of certain political minds and methods, are incapable of recognizing a clear-cut statement. On the other hand, Secretary Hoover, bowing to a "noble experiment," takes to his heart the Coolidge policies, which, however negative and indefinite, are specifically committed to the dry principle. Indeed our contemporary, the New York Herald Tribune, staunchest of staunch Republican organs, very cleverly disposes of the problem for Mr. Hoover. The Kansas City platform, clean smelling as new pine boards, has wisely left the whole prohibition issue to the states. It is the militant wet Democrats who have worked to make it national. According to this standard, therefore, if the forthcoming campaign must be measured in terms of prohibition, there can be little doubt that a vote for Smith is a dripping wet vote, a vote for Hoover a dry or a wet one as you please.

Writers scarcely had blotted the ink on their editorials commending or condemning the Smith modification telegram when North Dakota announced the result of its state-wide referendum on the repeal of the prohibition clause in its constitution. To those who have carefully nurtured the idea that the West is overwhelmingly dry, the small majority of 5,000 votes by which the statute remains on the books must be a bitter disappointment. The parallel theory that rural citizens are heartily united on Volsteadism also suffers by the recent referendum in the Northwest. North Dakota has a modicum of urban population. She is in the heart of the farming belt. When she entered the union in 1889 it was with a constitution that forbade the manufacture or sale of intoxicating liquors. To that provision she has adhered like adamant. Next to Maine and Kansas, she is the oldest consistently dry state. Today she still maintains this position but dry proponents within her borders are now busy sending out the S. O. S. Her action, in conjunction with that of Montana, Wisconsin, Illinois and Colorado, makes it impossible to maintain the fiction that there is no protest against Volstead prohibition in the agrarian states.

"Et tu, North Dakota!" Thus the Herald Tribune, fresh from calling Governor Smith's declaration that he would point the way toward modification "an ambiguous gesture," greets the referendum. Consciously or unconsciously it agrees with that principle of Alfred E. Smith which led him to repeal the Mullan-Gage law. The state-wide referendum, the editorial states, offers "a means of letting the country know how the people really feel with respect to prohibition. Under our federal system of government it is the states that must ultimately decide whether this sumptuary experiment is worth perpetuating, and as a prerequisite to such decision it is necessary, or at least highly desirable, that their citizens in each case get a chance to divide on the issue when it is unencumbered or befogged with personalities or other issues. The state-wide referendum offers them this chance and deserves adoption for the purpose in every state." This decidedly is not the language of the Kansas City platform nor of the 1928 Hoover. Is the Herald Tribune, then, to play Brutus to Hoover's Julius Caesar?

If this is treason the Republican party will have to make the best of it. The G. O. P. has certainly not given the country the same assurance embodied in Smith's declaration that there would be definite leadership on the prohibition issue. On the contrary, if the only Republican pronouncement to date, that which emanated from the national chairman, is to be credited, Hoover will ignore the question. Dr. Work does make one concession. His candidate will be stoutly specific if the Democrats force his hand. Yet one is left with the thought that from Mr. Hoover and his advisers arises the prayer for continued disregard of anti-prohibition logic. The statement that the law and its enforcement provisions do not meet the wishes of the majority of the people has always been the most potent argument of the wets. Any agreement with this is a wet victory. Honest men, guided by a federal constitution which is rooted in the principle of a government "of the people, for the people, by the people," have consistently demanded an expression of popular opinion. Hence there is no need for the sincerely dry to fear that if modification comes, it will be through any such steam-roller tactics as maneuvered in the Eighteenth Amendment.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHAT CHANCE HAS SMITH?

By CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON

ANY Democratic candidate for President—whether it is an Alfred E. Smith or Woodrow Wilson, or a James M. Cox or Alton B. Parker—is beaten before he starts, by every rule of reason. There are a great many more Republicans than there are Democrats. No Democrat, therefore, can be elected unless a great many Republicans leave their party; not merely a considerable number, but a very large proportion. Republicans are notoriously disinclined to do this, more so than Democrats. They may be disgruntled, but before election day they return to the settled Republican belief that times are better under Republican administrations than under Democratic, and that they can endure a Republican administration they do not like better than they can endure a Democratic administration which they probably would not like either.

The Democrats are more footloose. In spite of all their brave talk they are not so sure as the Republicans are that the country's welfare is safer in their hands than in those of the enemy. But aside from that, the Republicans have a party habit of swallowing their discomfiture and staying regular, while the Democratic habit is all the other way. It was not always so; but the habit of bolting was fixed on the Democrats during the years of Mr. Bryan's rule, and men who acquired the habit of bolting in 1896, when he entered upon that rule, are now, if they cast their first vote then, fifty-three years old. At fifty-three a habit is a habit.

The Democracy having thus been transformed into a definitely minority party, it has apparently no hope of success, no matter whom it nominates, unless the Republican or majority party splits, and that is a conclusion reached privately by a good many Democrats. There was such a split in 1912, when Roosevelt and Taft headed two Republican tickets and Wilson was elected. In 1884, before the Democracy assumed its permanent minority status, Cleveland was elected by a Republican bolt. The bolters did not put up a third ticket, but simply voted for Cleveland, who won by a hair.

For some unaccountable reason hopeful Democrats imagine that this condition can be changed by a popular revolt against Republican corruption, and every four years they prick up their ears and listen for the sound of the marching army of revolters coming to their rescue. There never is, never has been, any such rescue. The issue of corruption has been presented to the people more than once, and they have never regarded it as an issue at all. In 1872 the scandals of Grant's first administration were so ineffective as a campaign argument that his majority was much greater than the one he got in 1868. In his second administration the scandals were vastly worse, and in spite of Mr. Borah's unhistorical trumpetings about how the Harding scandals were the most colossal in history, those scandals were small in range compared with the debauchery of the Cabinet, Congress, and the President's personal and official family from 1873 to 1876. But though the Democratic candidate got a popular majority, it was not a large one and was made up of many elements of discontent among the Republicans, who were then by no means the definitely majority party they have since become; and he did not receive the electoral vote.

President Harding died in August, 1923, and within a few months the oil exposures and several others were made. The newspapers were ablaze with them, and two Cabinet officers were forced out of office. While the country was ringing with the scandals, the Republican convention met and nominated Mr. Coolidge. His opponent, Mr. Davis, rampaged up and down the land calling on Mr. Coolidge to answer whether he had or had not any personal cognizance of the corruption going on when he was Vice-President. Mr. Coolidge, according to his wont, gave no evidence that he was aware either of the noise that was being made or of Mr. Davis's existence. At that time the country was not well acquainted with Mr. Coolidge; but he was elected by an avalanche, a landslide. Curiously, too, there was present in that campaign the very element which is supposed to be the only one holding out a hope of victory to the Democrats—a Republican split. Mr. La Follette headed a bolting ticket and got 4,000,000 votes, but they were only a bagatelle when compared with Coolidge's monumental millions.

In spite of the monotonous lessons of history, however, a number of Democratic thinkers, such as Senator Reed, Senator Walsh, Josephus Daniels and Claude G. Bowers, continue to hold that to paint the Republican party as a larcenous organization is the sure way to bring about that Republican bolt which is the one hope of a Democratic victory.

However, it is not the one Democratic hope; there is another. And it is not true, as it superficially appears, that there must be a Republican bolt, as in 1884 and 1912, if the Democrats are to win. Woodrow Wilson was reëlected in 1916 without any Republican bolt and without, of course, any corruption issue. So was Grover Cleveland in 1892. In that year the Democracy had not yet been Bryanized into permanent minority, but they were divided and discordant, while the Republicans were united, at least on the surface, and were already more numerous than the Democrats. It is, therefore, not impossible that Smith may repeat the exploit of 1916 and 1892, although the chances

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are heavily against the election of any Democrat over any Republican.

The two elements present in 1892 and 1916 were Republican discontent and approval of the personality and record of the Democratic candidate. It is customary to say that Wilson was reëlected because the people were afraid of war with Germany and trusted him to keep them out of it. But in fact nobody visualized Mr. Hughes as a bloodthirsty sabre-rattler. Any collector of cartoons who will refer to his series for 1916 will find that Mr. Hughes was ridiculed for his pacifistic tendencies, as they were supposed to be. Wilson did not win popular approval in the elections of 1918 and 1920, but he unquestionably had it in 1914 and 1916.

In 1892, when the Republicans were already in the majority, when there was no bolt or split and no corruption "issue," the people similarly preferred Cleveland to the Republican party, though the Republican President had made a good record and there was no misrule. There was, however, more dissatisfaction with the party than there had been in 1884, when it had taken a Republican bolt to elect Cleveland—if he really was elected, for his majority was created by a few hundred voters in districts where fraud was uncontrolled and brazen. In 1892 he was elected by the first of the landslides, so invariable since then. There never has been a really close election since 1892. It must be observed, for its bearing on this year, that the dissatisfied Republicans did not elect Cleveland by voting for him. Many of them voted for him, but what elected him was the great number of Republicans who did not vote at all—who simply stayed away from the polls.

This year there is no Republican bolt; and the "corruption" ballyhooing, so ineffective against Grant in 1872 and Coolidge in 1924, will nerve no outraged Republican millions to the high resolve of turning the country over to the Democrats through their votes. (Millions is not much of an exaggeration; it would take at least a million outraged Republican high-resolvers to do that deed.) In such a year, experience shows that two elements must be present to put the minority in office. One is approval of the character and record of the Democratic candidate, enough confidence in him to induce Republicans to prefer him to their own party. The other is dissatisfaction among Republicans, such as existed on the only two occasions when Democrats were elected without having a Republican bolt to help them.

On these two occasions there was no way to calculate on this dissatisfaction in advance, and there is not now. In 1892 and 1916 we had to wait and see, and we shall have to wait and see now. In 1892 it was felt that some dissatisfaction existed, but it was impalpable, and the Democrats did not count much on it. They were dumbfounded when the land slid. The utter stupefaction of both parties over Cleveland's then unprecedented sweep was illustrated by Thomas Nast in a cartoon representing the Democratic leaders assembled for a Thanksgiving dinner. They sat around the table with bewildered faces and jaws agape; and the caption on the picture was, Too Much Surprised to Be Thankful.

There is certainly a lack of enthusiasm among Republicans this year, but whether it amounts to discontent such as elected Cleveland in 1892 and Wilson in 1916 can no more be known in advance now than it could be then. In some quarters there is assuredly deep discontent, but there is no way of telling whether it is a local symptom or, as in those years, a general malady. The Democrats are enthusiastic, however; they are militant and confident, and the psychological effect, in a year where the Republican blood is sluggish and not very responsive, is more than likely to count in actual votes.

As for the other element, confidence in the Democratic candidate by reason of his character and record, the Democrats have that asset. Of course there are many people who greatly misapprehend both his character and his record. There are plenty who imagine him to be a slum-dwelling tough by character and an advocate of alcohol by record. But it is not possible to nominate anybody at any time who will not be misunderstood and belied by a large number of persons. Each time we are likely to imagine that nobody has ever been so misunderstood and belied before, but this is not true. Smith does not seem to be suffering from this as much as most candidates who have not made misrepresentation impossible by actual service in the White House.

He is much better understood and appreciated, for instance, than Abraham Lincolin was, when affrighted imaginations recoiled from the thought of "the original gorilla" in the White House, or Andrew Jackson, when an ignorant border ruffian and bravo was expected to extinguish civilized government at the head of his "Hessians" from the backwoods. Smith, in fact, is really doing pretty well on that score. Even in states where he is not personally known the impress of his spirit has brought forth cordial and hearty expressions of admiration from Republican newspapers, and after his nomination, at that. This could not have happened to Lincoln or Jackson, or to Zachary Taylor, that capable and thoughtful President who was pictured as a mindless military machine with no ideas whatever beyond the killing of Indians and Mexicans.

All this will not enable Governor Smith to overcome the preference of the American people for the Republican party if he loses a few Democratic states. His disadvantage, as compared with Hoover, is that he must not only win some Republican states but must also hold all the Democratic ones. Hoover has in advance a column of states so large that he can afford to lose a few, but Smith has not. He is expected to carry several Republican states with large electoral votes, but that will not be enough if he loses a few

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Democratic states with comparatively small electoral votes.

He will, of course, lose a good many Democratic votes. Every candidate, Republican or Democratic, always loses a good many members of his party. On this point one must remember that the noise of the outgoing bolters is never any indication of their numbers. The racket made by the Republicans who bolted McKinley in 1896 was not echoed in the election returns, for example. All talk of Smith losing the South is moonshine, except that Tennessee and Kentucky are uncertain. Oklahoma, properly speaking, is not a part of the solid South. The clerical machine which is trying so hard to make the American state an instrument of the Protestant church will get no electoral votes anywhere, unless it should be effective in Kentucky and Tennessee.

The problem, therefore, simmers down to whether Smith can hold the border in addition to gaining all the eastern states which he is expected to remove from the Republican column. The Democrats believe he can detach New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut from Republicanism. If he can, he will need no Republican bolt to duplicate the history of 1916 and 1892. But he must suffer no loss on the border.

STANDISH O'GRADY: A MEMORY

By JAMES J. WALSH

THE passing of Standish O'Grady, of whose book, The History of Ireland: Heroic Period, Yeats said, "It started us all," recalls his visit to this country some fifteen years ago, and the deep impression which he produced on all those who were interested in Irish affairs and who had the good fortune to be brought in contact with him. One expression of his remains as a precious legacy, now that he is gone, for all those who heard it. A little dinner was given him by a comparatively small group of men, the intensity of whose interest in literary Ireland perhaps made up for the smallness of their numbers. When he was called upon to talk he said in his own delightful Irish way, "Sure, what would you have me talk about?" And so someone asked him to tell us what had most surprised him during his visit. I am rather inclined to think that we all sat back complacently hoping to hear some new phase of American progressiveness that O'Grady's well-known penetration would have enabled him to appreciate and that perhaps we had not yet quite come to realize the significance of.

All who had any such feeling were destined to be rather deeply disappointed. In another way, however, we got the lesson of a lifetime. O'Grady said that the thing that astonished him most in America was the fact that everybody was in a hurry. They were always on the rush. They took the subway with its dust and noise and infernal racket rather than the elevated because it saved them two or three minutes in getting to their destination. A friend who had taken him downtown on the subway got him off the local at Ninety-sixth Street to take the express, and when they landed at Forty-second Street said, "Now we've saved four minutes," and O'Grady said, "I wonder what we'll do with them."

O'Grady suggested that not only in New York but everywhere else in the country, typical Americans hurried on their way with brows furrowed as if their very thoughts were rushing as their bodies went bustling on. As they greeted you in passing, he said, you felt that it would be really a shame to take any of their time because they evidently needed every moment of it for the important business in which they were so manifestly engaged. He observed further that they did not apologize for being so busy, but on the contrary rather gave you the impression that they felt that they would have to apologize if they were not busy. Man's main purpose in life was to be just as busy as possible and leisure was a thing to be abhorred.

As a comment on this state of affairs and of the American mind, Standish O'Grady suggested that in the two periods of human history when men had accomplished more of what mankind will never willingly let die than at any others, about one-third of their time was given to leisure. In the fifth century before Christ among the Greeks, and in the later middle-ages when men devoted about one-third of their time to the celebration of religious ceremonials of various kinds, they had succeeded in making intellectual and artistic products that are an enduring heritage of the race. When men thus took the time to think and above all to meditate deeply on the meaning of life and its relation to the universe and to eternity, their thoughts reached such a height of significance and their inspiration such a depth of meaning as made their accomplishment precious for all future generations. Aeschylus wrote his tragedies and set the example which constitutes one of the supreme specimens of man's attempt to solve the riddle of the existence of evil in the universe —the example which was followed so well by Sophocles and Euripides. It was then, too, that the Greeks developed their wonderful architecture and the sculpture which has never failed to inspire modern artists; it was then that Herodotus and Thucydides wrote their histories, and Socrates and Plato and Aristotle formulated the systems which so deeply influenced the thought of men for all the after time.

But O'Grady, though himself not a Catholic, realized how much that was enduring for mankind had been accomplished in the later middle-ages under

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

almost similar circumstances. The celebration of religious mysteries came to be one of the great preoccupations of mankind. With them went the opportunity for contemplation and deep thought. During the thirteenth century when, besides the fifty-two Sundays of the year, there were nearly forty holydays of obligation on which men did no servile work and refrained from their ordinary occupations, so that altogether probably something more than a hundred days in the year were devoted to religious observance, the great Gothic architecture developed, the magnificent Latin hymns were written and out of the Church ceremonial there came, just as similarly in Greece, the beginnings of dramatic literature once more. It was then the universities came into existence as well as a literature destined to immortality in every country in Europe, the story of the Cid in Spain, the Arthurian legends in England, the Nibelungenlied, Reynard the Fox, the poems of the troubadours and trouvères, the meistersingers and the minnesingers; and lastly came Dante whose great poem is just Christianity in poetry.

The leisure devoted to religious observance and attendance at religious ceremonies, so far from being wasted, proved the brooding time for great thoughts and artistic and intellectual achievement that quite literally the world will never willingly let die. Surely Standish O'Grady's message has a meaning for us here in America, perhaps more at the present day than when he first gave it to us fifteen years ago. It is worthy indeed of the young student from Trinity College, Dublin, who nearly sixty years ago, as an editorial in the New York Times suggests, "bored by a rainy day in the country, happened to take down from the library shelf O'Halloran's History of Ireland." How many a student before him had done just this same thing and nothing came of it! Into O'Grady's hours of enforced leisure came "the Irish foretime" and the "beautiful and terrible legends of god and hero kindled his imagination." No wonder it has been said: "Tell me what you do with your leisure and I'll tell you what sort of man you are." It is the leisure to think above all that counts.

To Francis Ledwidge

Your little cowslip fields are bright again,
With merry larks above them all day long;
And you not there to see, and hear the song
Of linnets in your primrose-bordered lane.
The robin still will sing his sweet refrain,
Though like the thrush, he never can forget
The truant days when oft ye shyly met,
Before you wandered far away from Slane.

And when the grey of silent evening drops
Along the ways that wait your spirit feet,
The blackbird whistles half his tune—and stops,
Hears but the wind that stirs his dim retreat!
Then tells his loneliness in one low strain,
And flies with aching heart across the plain.

JOHN P. BARTON.

MOORS AND MANDARINS

By VINCENT ENGELS

MORNING in Algeria! To a poet in an airplane, no doubt, it was a pleasant morning on a pleasant countryside. But to a poor realist whose two feet were on the road from Algiers to Kouba, it was only a hot day in a dusty land. There was no breeze, apparently, yet at every step the dust rose in its quiet way to the height of one's beard, where, of course, it settled, if it did not lodge upon the lips or creep insistently into the nostrils. Less ambitious particles dropped becomingly into boot-tops, and accumulated in hard lumps beneath arches and between toes. It was the dust that children will kick up, for sport, that dogs will roll in, that swallows will scatter all over their necks and backs—that all these, in mysterious compact with nature, will regard as an advantageous, even amusing, resource. To me, painfully aware of it through four senses, it was the meanest of the gifts which the Bountiful Lady offers a wanderer in Algeria.

But if there was no protection from the dust, the roadside trees offered some, at least, from the sun. So it was along the sunward edge that I trudged; sometimes, in my refusal to seek the middle of the road, interrupting the work of tribesmen and their younger women who were hammering away, not very industriously, at great piles of stone. They seemed to welcome the interruptions, ceasing work while I was yet fifty yards off, retreating from their stone piles to let me pass, jabbering at length, while from their low rag shakedowns under the trees, each of which seemed to shelter three generations of humans and two of dogs, emerged women of incredible antiquity to watch the passerby. With these I bargained for mandarins which were piled on clusters of green leaves just within the door of every tent. Several times I filled my pockets, there being nothing better as a solvent for dust—in the throat—than the juice of a mandarin. On the lips, however, it works otherwise, so that while my throat was free of grime, my lips and chin steadily collected more and more of it.

On I went, for miles, interrupting work wherever there was work to be done, playing havoc with the road-building program of the colonial government, and the supply of mandarins. At last, coming to a place where there were few trees, I stepped out into the beat of the sun and a full appreciation of morning in Algeria. Let us say it, and have done. It was just such an Algerian morning as novelists poetically praise, and the légionnaires, whom they celebrate unreservedly, damn. Sky of turquoise—what romancer has described it otherwise? But in Algeria, to one who walks the roads, turquoise is not poetry. What it is we forbear to say from an old Puritan tradition.

Well, there I was, in the middle of the road, and the next tree a hundred yards away. Once in its shadow I was willing enough to rest until a little cloud

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

should temporarily obscure the sun, and offer me shade under which to advance to another tree.

And I walked under clouds the rest of the way to Kouba.

On a hill in Kouba there is a church, Byzantine, spacious and nobly planned. It is new, of course, but it looks solid enough to stand a thousand years; long enough, maybe, to let it see service as a mosque before it crumbles if the sons of the prophet ever reconquer Africa, as some of the proudest and boldest still hope to do.

Within that church is a statue of Saint Joan of Arc. It is not a fine statue—simply a plaster-cast figure, yet somehow it is the only thing in Kouba for which I retain anything like affection. It seems so confident of its right to a place there, so quietly aware of the fact that Kouba's church can partly be explained by Domremy, that it is unlike any other plasterwork in the world. Seen with the sympathetic eye, it has character of its own, like the equestrienne of Rheims, yea, even as the marvelous marble of Bourges.

I hoped that if the Moors should ever reign again in Kouba they might by some concession be kind to Joan. And that they might be rewarded for that courtesy, I planted a mandarin seed on the hill. If they conquer, all is provided for. If they do not, they can eat of the fruit, and find consolation.

Late in the afternoon I left Kouba, and before I was well on the road, a cool breath stole down from the hills. It came imperceptibly: I could not say when. But there it was, and soon the countryside freshened under it. The trees trembled into life; birds, larks I suppose, climbed to giddy heights and tumbled, singing; carts began to appear along the road. After that the sun dropped low, growing large, round and bloody as the harvest moon. Clouds shook out colored flounces, and there was a glow on the hills that hide Sahara. Beside the road, voices called; there was a subdued laughter in the tents. I was tired. Then it was dusk, a blue dusk, with one star shining. And I was weary. But not until the night had come with many stars, and each foot was heavier than all the planets, did I enter Algiers, where Allah and an amiable hostess arranged between them that I should have a quick bath, a dinner, a smoke upon the balcony, and finally a sleep, blessed with dreams of mandarins that sang as they danced upon the bough, and a statue that seemed to rule the world.

Candle-Light

His mother sat in the window,
In the orange candle-light,
Watching and praying for his boat
Many a night.

When she died he put a candle
In her thin brown hands;
It was just one of her notions,
But he understands.

EVANGELINE CHAPMAN COZZENS.

CONVENTIONS, OLD STYLE

By MICHAEL G. HEINTZ

WHILE the Republican national convention was in session in Chicago in June, 1880, I was carrying sheaves behind the reaper in a harvest field in southern Illinois. Many of the harvest hands had been Union soldiers and they were for Grant for President. The third-term tradition did not trouble them. Grant had shared their hardships on the march and their dangers on the field of battle; and they were content that he should enjoy the White House as long as he wanted.

We were many miles from our county seat. Telegraph stations were few and telephones there were none. On Sunday following the opening of the convention, we all attended the village church and there learned that the convention had listened to the nominating speeches on Saturday night and would ballot on Monday morning.

It was arranged that one of the farmers in our township should ride to the county seat on Tuesday and bring back the news of the nomination. We were to meet in the district schoolhouse on Tuesday night to hear his report. Those of us who were not too weary to be interested gathered at the appointed time and place. Our messenger arrived belated and ill fated. He had learned the name of the nominee but it had been jostled out of mind as his horse trotted toward home. He only recalled that the name was some sort of a "Field."

Now none of us had ever heard of Garfield. Some in the neighborhood took a weekly paper but Garfield's career in Congress and his recent election to the Senate from Ohio had escaped us all. It was determined that our messenger should return to the county seat the next day, get the news and broadcast it by such "grapevine telegraph" as might be advisable. There would be no meeting at the schoolhouse. On his return he displayed a paper written by the postmaster at the county seat, bearing the words:

"For President—James A. Garfield of Ohio.
For Vice-President—Chester A. Arthur of New York."

During the summer an itinerant book peddler came through the settlement selling the "lives of the candidates." When the rainy days of autumn came, we read these books all the more eagerly because we had not heard of the nominees before the convention. The proceedings of the convention fascinated us. Some of the schoolboys memorized the speeches of Senator Conklin nominating Grant and of Senator Hale seconding the nomination of Blaine and declaimed them with great effect on exhibition day at the little red schoolhouse.

Garfield was himself a delegate to the convention which nominated him. He was under pledge to Senator John Sherman of Ohio. Grant and Blaine were the leading candidates. The organization of the Grant forces, led by Senators Conklin of New York and Cameron of Pennsylvania, was perfect. Garfield hoped that the anti-Grant delegates would eventually unite on Sherman to prevent the nomination of Grant. Instead, they swung to Garfield who raised the point of order that votes were being cast for him without his consent. The chairman overruled the point of order, and Garfield was nominated on the thirty-sixth ballot.

Garfield's speech nominating Sherman did not appeal to our imaginations as did the speech of Conklin naming Grant. But Garfield's opening sentence stated a warning which might have been applied to the convention that met last month in Houston. As Garfield sat in the convention at the head of the Ohio delegation he saw two pictures—at the moment, he saw the exciting incidents of the convention—he visualized in the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

future the Republican firesides where fathers, with wives and children about them, would prepare the verdict which would be rendered in November. He saw about him "a human ocean in a tempest"; he pictured in the future "the calm level of the sea from which all heights and depths are measured."

"When the storm has passed," said Garfield, to the convention, "and the hour of calm settles on the ocean, when sunshine bathes its smooth surface, then the astronomer and surveyor takes the level from which he measures all terrestrial heights and depths. Gentlemen of the convention, your present temper may not mark the healthful pulse of the people. . . . Not in Chicago, in the heat of June, but in the sober quiet that comes between now and November, in the silence of deliberate judgment will this great question be settled."

As Senator Garfield sat in the convention, he observed much enthusiasm. It was generous and moreover spontaneous. Every soldier delegate was for Grant and unconditionally surrendered his very being to the success of his candidate. The Blaine men fairly worshiped their favorite who was the most magnetic man in the public life of his time. Sherman on the other hand was dignified and cold and the demonstrations in his honor lacked the enthusiasm and warmth of the others. It was probably this fact which induced Garfield to utter his warning.

Contrast our difficulties in southern Illinois in 1880 in getting the news from a national convention held in our own state with the facilities enjoyed everywhere in the United States, by the radio listeners of June, 1928. In 1880 we did not sense the thrills of the convention until we read the cold print in the "lives of the candidates." Nevertheless we enjoyed the description of the demonstrations for the various candidates because to us it seemed spontaneous and real. Now, as radio listeners, we are annoyed by the blare and artificiality of it all. We are sated by tedious roll calls and distressed by mechanical applause. We are engulfed for a moment in the "human ocean in a tempest" but we make for port and perhaps seal our verdict before the radio has "signed off." We have no heart to read the lives of the candidates, and the firesides with the thoughtful fathers are loath to listen longer and are glad to tune in on Will Rogers or the Black Crows.

The radio has done much to advance the hour of the verdict from election day in November to nominating day in June. The nominating convention which spends days in wrangling and hours in artificial applause, which howls for half a day at the mere mention of a name, will put forth candidates who will evoke little spontaneous enthusiasm in November. If the delegates will cut out the noise in June, we shall be better able to get out the vote in November.

Courage

They call me coward, since I always choose
The safest course, the deadly, dull routine,
Nor ever stake my all to gain or lose
In one swift flight beyond . . . oh, small and mean
I seem to those who know my daily part
Not forced on me, but chosen by my will;
Content with trodden paths, and faint of heart
When urged to think on worlds beyond my sill.

I dare not dream, I dare not lift my eyes,
For I have given hostages to fate.
It may be that a certain courage lies
In quiet feet beside an open gate.

SARAH HAMMOND KELLY.

COMMUNICATIONS

THE BOUNDARIES OF CATHOLIC LIBERALISM

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—I have been reading of late in Dr. John A. Ryan's Declining Liberty. If "liberalism" means (and I think it does) an emphatic rejection of the Manchester School economics for its ignoring of the intrinsic dignity, worth and importance of human personality, then every thinking Catholic must be a liberal.

So far so good. But this does not take us very far, and in tracing out the implications of this general ground principle some questions arise to which I do not find in Dr. Ryan's book answers clear and complete. Therefore, it seems to me, useful to state these questions in a form as definite as I can make it, in the hope that answers may be forthcoming either from Dr. Ryan himself or from one of your readers. For the sake of clarity and brevity I must lay a ground work.

All men are alike and equal in the possession of an immortal soul and eternal destiny. All are alike and equal in the possession of certain elemental desires and in the subjection to certain elemental needs. In all other respects men tend to be unlike each other and to be unequal in greater or less degree. An almost infinite variety from almost any point of view is the characteristic of all human communities so far as the component individuals are concerned.

Now the process by which the world gets its living has become highly specialized and, consequently, highly coöperative. Commodities which satisfy our simplest daily needs come to us from all parts of the world, and in them is represented the labor of many men conducting many processes of manufacture, transportation and distribution. The tendency toward still greater specialization in processes and still greater intimacy in coöperation is still manifest.

In this gigantic coöperative machine each one finds his place and his compensation—i. e., his living—by competition. His ability determines, or tends to determine, what he shall do and what he shall get. I use the word ability in its widest sense. In ability, qualitative and quantitative, each one differs from everyone else. Thus inequality in economic standing is the rule, i. e., inequality in income and in possessions. (In passing I note that this result fully comports with the Calvinistic principle concerning human destiny. The Manchester School economics derived directly from the Institutio.)

It is clear that the Catholic cannot approve any economic system in which any class of labor receives a "living" insufficient to support human beings in that minimum degree necessary to the dignity of human personality. The community has no right to goods or services which can be provided only by such oppression of labor. This, I take it, is not debatable. Nor is the right of labor to organize with the object of equalizing its bargaining power to that of employers debatable as such, so long as the actions taken to that end are not contrary to recognized principles of natural law.

My questions, then, are as follows:

1. Given the acceptance of the "minimum wage" principle and its embodiment in the economic system, to what further extent is upward equalization of incomes to be required?
2. Should there be required a downward equalization of large incomes?
3. Should limitation of fortunes be required?
4. Should we require that "freedom of contract" be abridged so as to restrain, within certain limits, competition of labor with labor?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

5. Should "company unions" be prohibited and should membership in "craft unions" be required as a prerequisite to employment?

6. Should full participation by labor in "management" be required? If not—to what extent?

I should like, in the case of each of these questions, to have a statement of the principle which determines the answer. Furthermore, I wish to emphasize the point that what I am here discussing is not the "desirable" but the "necessary." That is why I use throughout the word "required."

Now will somebody be good enough to answer?

THOMAS F. WOODLOCK.

P. S. I have some further questions to ask when I have answers to these.

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—With a single qualification I can accept all those declarations and assumptions in Mr. Woodlock's communication which he denominates as "ground work." The qualification I would make is that a man's ability in the sense of native ability has somewhat less influence in determining his industrial function and rewards than Mr. Woodlock seems to assert. Inequality of opportunity, particularly in the matters of education and industrial training, reduces greatly the effective choice of occupation of vast numbers of persons in industry whose native ability is fully equal to that of many persons who, by reason of larger opportunities, are enabled to reach and enjoy the better paid positions. Probably, however, Mr. Woodlock would accept this modification of his statement about ability. I proceed then to answer his questions in the order in which he has placed them.

1. Upward equalization of incomes is not only not required but is undesirable. Every person of average capacity has a right to a living wage, but a considerable number should receive more than this minimum of justice; namely, those whose work entails unusual risks and hardships, those who put forth more than ordinary efforts, those who have expended money and time in acquiring competency for their occupations and those who turn out more than the average amount of product. Where the national product warrants, it is desirable and equitable that all workers should receive more than mere living wages, but the special groups just mentioned would always deserve a differential reward in excess of whatever minimum prevailed for the average or the majority. The principles upon which I would base this differentiation and inequality is that all the corresponding factors, hardships, productivity, et cetera, have ethical validity and are conducive to human welfare. This whole question of inequality of rewards I have treated at length in chapters sixteen and twenty-four of my book, Distributive Justice.

2. I see no reason for a "downward equalization of large incomes" by any direct method. If all workers received living wages and if the returns in monopolistic industry were restricted to the average rate of interest on competitive investments, incomes would tend to conform as closely as is practicable to individual desert and social welfare. In any case, whatever leveling down of large incomes seems desirable can be more safely accomplished through progressive income taxes than through direct limitation. The underlying principle here is human welfare, which seems to render direct limitation a dangerous expedient owing to the possibilities of abuse. For a larger discussion of this question I would refer to chapter twenty of my Distributive Justice.

3. Fortunes should not be directly limited. The reasons are the same as those just alleged against direct limitation of incomes. Whatever limitation is necessary can be brought about indirectly through progressive inheritance taxes. I refer again to chapter twenty of my Distributive Justice.

4. I see no reason for restraining competition of labor with labor except to prevent any group of workers from accepting less than living wages. The principle underlying this negative answer is human welfare in the long run.

5. The answer to both parts of this question is in the negative. If all employers were required to follow the rule adopted by the National War Labor Board of recognizing and dealing with the chosen representatives of freely formed labor unions, "the company union" would cease to exist. If the "yellow dog" contract, which compels employees to remain out of labor unions, were made legally void, laborers would be sufficiently free to have the kind of organization that they desired. While I am well aware that compulsory membership in the Gild was a prerequisite to working at one's craft in many European countries in the middle-ages, I do not think that a similar regulation is necessary or desirable in our society. The only principle that I can suggest is that of human welfare, which, in our time, seems to require the degree of freedom that I have just indicated.

6. For some time to come labor sharing in management should be confined to the industrial or productive or technical or shop phases of management, and not extended to the commercial and financial departments. The reasons for labor sharing in management in general are: first, the human dignity and aspirations of the laborer which demand that he should be something more than an animated instrument of production, that he should have the opportunity to exercise some of his directive and creative faculties; second, the welfare of industry itself, which requires whatever directive or managerial contribution can be made by any group of employees; and third, the welfare of industrial society as a whole, which would be promoted by making the workers interested in their work and encouraging them to increase the total production. Participation in the commercial and financial departments of management can and should come to labor gradually in consequence of wider knowledge and interest. For a more extensive discussion of these points I refer to chapters nineteen and twenty of my Declining Liberty and Other Papers.

REV. JOHN A. RYAN.

THE VULGATE REVISION

Rome, Italy.

TO the Editor:—In your issue of June 13, in my article, The Vulgate Revision, there appears the following passage dealing with Jean Jacques Griesbach's rules of textual criticism: "He was also of the opinion that a short reading should take precedence over one that is longer; a clear reading over one that is difficult or obscure; a familiar reading over one that is uncommon." My own copy of the manuscript reads correctly: "A reading that is difficult and obscure over one that is more clear; a reading that is uncommon over one that is more familiar." Also the very manuscript which I sent to you was passed upon and approved by several members of the Papal Commission actually engaged in a revision of the Vulgate. I am led to conclude that the "rules" as they appeared in The Commonweal were due to some copy-reader, proof-reader, printer, printer's devil or plain imp.

Mr. Mencken in the American Mercury for June laments

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the impossibility of getting anything correctly into print—a circumstance due, he thinks, to the frailty of human nature. So permit me to quote the Griesbach rules once more, this time in the French of Dom Henri Quentin, O.S.B., who, under Cardinal Gasquet, has the Vulgate revision immediately in charge: "La leçon plus difficile et plus obscure est meilleure en soi que la leçon plus claire—la leçon plus dure, la leçon plus rare doivent l'emporter sur celles auxquelles on est habitué."

There is another rule, not Griesbach's, which occurs to me at this point: "Follow copy—even if it goes out of the window."

HARVEY WICKHAM.

MR. SHAW ON LATE CLOSING

Garden City, L. I.

TO the Editor:—The theory advanced by Mr. Oldmeadow, of the London Tablet, that the one-man, late-hour-keeping small shop should go, and its proprietor accept a situation in a large establishment run with plenty of capital and with briefer working hours, apparently finds defenders in this country. Presumably what is at stake is the welfare of the individual, so I trust I am in order in quoting testimony from Mr. Oldmeadow's own side of the Atlantic, and invested with an authority that most people will think equal to his.

Mr. G. B. Shaw in his last book, The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism, seems to scent a fallacy in the shorter (and more intensive) schedule so far as any boon to the worker is concerned. On page 191 you will find this comment: "The Intelligent Woman, if she has traveled, may have noticed that in countries where there is no Shop Hours Act, and shops remain open until everyone has gone to bed, the shopkeepers and their assistants are far less tired and strained at nine in the evening than the assistants in a big shop in a big English city are at five in the afternoon, though the shop closes at six."

ROBERTA KOLLOCK THOMAS.

AMERICA IN TWO PARTS

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—I am still wondering at the "mild rebuke" administered to Mr. William Bradford Browne (June 20) for his contribution to an English newspaper explaining the "two Americas."

There have been two Americas (not "many") ever since we started the business of being America; first on the basis of social classes, later on the basis of older and new settlers. To that dissonance may be added various other discords which, all together, make up the problem of evolving from them a harmonious America. The solution of the problem will not come from refusing to look at it and denying its existence, nor by one group among us trying to shout down any other group in order to produce harmony.

Why not a bit of American history?

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

TONE POEM

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Tone Poem, by Marie Gallagher, appearing in the July 4 issue of The Commonweal, is the most charming bit of prose I have read in some time. A lovely little recreational essay like this is neatly fitted to the needs of summer reading. I hope Miss Gallagher will give us more of her delicacies!

EDYTHE HELEN BROWNE.

BOOKS

Tom Brown's Headmaster

Dr. Arnold of Rugby, by Arnold Whitridge; with an introduction by Sir Michael Sadler. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $3.00.

DR. THOMAS ARNOLD'S reputation is a clear case of personality overborne by function. It is as impossible to dissociate him from Rugby School as Galileo from the stars. The world is not so forgetful as it is given credit for being. But it decides with small reference to comparative importance just how and why it will remember its great men. Arnold of Rugby was a churchman with very decided ideas as to the status of the English clergy, a radical in politics with a strong sense of social justice, a classical scholar who might have written the definitive work on the strategy of the ancient world. But Rugby school took him in and assimilated him. For the fourteen best years of his life he was absorbed in pouring "unattractive knowledge into unretentive skulls," and in the general consideration of the problems of adolescence. From his eyrie in the schoolhouse a harsh vocation called him many times a day into the slovenly, inky and brutal little world over which he was dictator. He had the Calvinistic conception of childhood and boyhood as a season of congenital depravity, so there must have been more duty than love in his service. He died suddenly of one of the disorders anxiety is known to produce, and with a sense expressed only the year before his death of the fragility of his work, yet leaving behind him no unworthy monument. His memory seems secure from oblivion, and Mr. Lytton Strachey made no mistake in listing him among the "eminent" figures of the Victorian age.

The decay in the British public schools when he breathed new life into what perhaps deserved to die is the best standard by which to measure Arnold's success. Founded, with a few exceptions, to give a classical education to the children of the poorer middle class, they had drifted from their founders' intention years before and dry rot was painfully evident. The enrolment at Harrow had sunk to sixty-nine, at Winchester to sixty-eight, at Westminster to 100, at Charterhouse to 193, at Rugby itself to 123; Shrewsbury "was extinct." At Eton foundation students were sleeping on the floor from lack of beds, at Charterhouse tortures worthy of Apaches or Iroquois were inflicted by older on younger pupils. Keate of Eton flogged eighty boys in one morning. At two leading schools, soldiers had to be called in to suppress riots. At the institution which Dr. Arnold was to make a model of upper class education, Dr. Ingles, the headmaster, for weeks thought himself only safe with an armed sentry outside his door. With a courage those can best appreciate who know how the average Englishman of the upper classes regards the public school system, Mr. Whitridge turns back to the "Mantuan Schools" founded by Vittorino da Feltre in the fifteenth century, whose aim was "to effect a reconciliation of the moral and religious teaching of the Church with classical education." Looking on the two pictures, he can only exclaim, "What a contrast!"

Arnold's reforms are too well known to need much retelling. By gathering the young men of the sixth or highest form around him as a general picks a staff, infusing them with his own ideals of Christian manhood and deputing them to carry his methods into their own little world, he worked an immediate change for the better. He also raised the status of the undermaster from genteel beggary to dignity and scholarship. Not only the new schools that sprang up all over England

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

during his later years, but patrons of important livings competed eagerly for Arnold's assistant masters, and the government took note of them when bishoprics fell vacant.

Arnold's reputation, secure as we believe it to be, is passing through an unappreciative phase. Mr. Whitridge has his word to say on the change: "It has been the custom among students of education," he remarks, "to dismiss Arnold's theories somewhat summarily. The ideal of a Christian gentleman strikes our modern wiseacres as being so pitifully vulnerable that it hardly warrants serious discussion." The legend is often heard of a certain over-seriousness, amounting to priggishness, detected among Arnold's boys when they joined the larger world of university, army or civil life. Probably the criticism means no more than that the world had little use for the ideals Arnold strove to inculcate, and that they died a hard and not particularly graceful death. Occasionally Mr. Whitridge's hero worship and family piety (he is the great grandson of the famous headmaster) carries him into over-statement. He quotes, with approval, the remark of "an old Rugby boy," that "if all young officers and civilians had been taught Arnold's lesson of courtesy and civility there would have been no Indian mutiny." A pertinent comment is that Hodson "of Hodson's Horse," whose general conduct in the repression that followed the mutiny is hardly a monument of humanity, was not only an old Rugby boy, but one of the headmaster's elect.

Arnold's views on dogma throughout the stormy Tractarian period are rather curious than important today. He was a "broad churchman," in other words, he belongs to a category that makes periodical but transient appearances in the bosom of the English church. "They considered dogma comparatively unimportant," Mr. Whitridge tells us. "They were enthusiastic adherents of the Reformation without being particularly concerned with Church history . . . they kept the supernatural at a respective distance. . . ." Such groups, exposed as they are to attacks from three quarters at once, sacramentalism, material philosophy and Protestant bigotry, generally have a brief and unhappy life.

The chances of religious war brought Arnold into violent opposition with Newman, and it is no disrespect to his talents and sincerity to say that such a duel could have but one end. It is pleasant to know that the friendship between the two men suffered little from this exchange of "apostolic blows and knocks." The charity and honesty of the great Cardinal's words when death removed the great headmaster, ring none the less sincere for being seasoned with just the faintest little suspicion of what the French term "malice." . . . "It is very pleasant to think that his work has been so good a one—the reformation of public schools—this seems to have been blessed and will survive him. . . . And further, if it is right to speculate on such serious matters, there is something quite of comfort to be gathered from his removal from this scene of action, at the time it took place, as if so good a man should not be suffered to commit himself 'cominus' against truths which he so little understood."

Mr. Whitridge's monograph, enriched as it is with an introduction by the Master of University College, Oxford, that is a positive model in such matters, is an interesting and stimulating book. Taking a position midway between the hero-worship of Hughes and Stanley and the slick worldliness of Mr. Strachey, it strengthens our conviction that Arnold was not only a great and representative man of his time, but perhaps the finest flower Protestant evangelical culture put forth during the years of the nineteenth century.

HENRY LONGAN STUART.

The Cheer Season Opens

Herbert Hoover: A Reminiscent Biography, by Will Irwin. New York: The Century Company. $3.00.

I HAVE been witness for almost twenty years to a quickening of heart and mind that follows Hoover contacts. Long familiar with the flowering, in his associates, of a devotion that has often puzzled, sometimes irritated, and always impressed onlookers, I ask, whenever one of them writes about his Chief, whether he may not, perhaps, give too loose rein to fiery leaders.

Now, Will Irwin is one of the original Hoover enthusiasts —in this reminiscent biography what a picture is the one of their early Stanford University days, of that flashing microcosm of groupings, strugglings, siftings, during which energies took direction and certain western boys rose to recognized leadership! But, as one expects in a writer of Mr. Irwin's integrity, he keeps to the middle of the documented road. The fiery leaders are there, for a ringing enthusiasm carries the story from page to page. But the advance is made by facts and figures.

However, when in the review of a man's work of organization and administration, headquarters seem to possess a kind of cosmic mobility; when measurements are in millions and billions, whether they be of rock or wheat or dollars or human beings; when enterprises, vaulting seemingly impassable ethnic, political, and economic barriers, fantastically outrun our accustomed conceptions, the bald record takes on qualities of romance.

This record flashes light on the creative imagination at work in mining camps, among tottering peoples of war-devastated countries, and in a government department in the service of post-war millions striving toward a higher level of well-being. And here is the most stirring aspect of the story.

Irwin is more than recorder. His chief concern is that we shall know increasingly intimately the American whose mental and physical energy have expressed themselves in these amazing terms. He presents no cold symbol of efficiency but a most human Herbert Hoover—who, by the way, lived as a boy in a part of Iowa "which lies little more than a hundred miles from that country where Abraham Lincoln kept store, rode circuit, and ran for Congress." Through reiterant illustration he sets the strong lines of his hero: simplicity, honesty, kindliness, loyalty—squares his character to the old-fashioned principle that conduct is three-fourths of life. He pauses to allow us to chuckle over Mr. Hoover's dry American humor, or to be amused at some such idiosyncrasy as this, that he never carries a notebook, throughout his colossal undertakings jotting down memoranda on scraps of envelops, bits of paper, and crumpling them in his pockets!

No one lacking the capacity to see in planetary perspective should attempt the Hoover story. Irwin has it—on his own missions he has pretty well covered the earth. So there is fine vision in his narrative. And there is no monotonous rhythm; since it derives from this conception—that "with Hoover things have always changed suddenly, completely, as by a cast of the die in the hands of fate."

To those who already know Mr. Hoover and are familiar with the matter of the book, it is at once a most conscientious and a moving, dramatic presentation. They find themselves repeating, "How true," and wanting to set down corroborative columns! "The best life, so far," they say, "of Herbert Hoover."

But has it an appeal for others? Certainly a strong one.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Here is a chapter in American history to which every true American must thrill with an intensely national pride lifted to a level which only such recognition of the brotherhood of man as has motivated Hoover's life can lift it—a chapter which advances American horizons. And as synthesizing the narrative stands the very humanly expressed portrait of an extraordinary American. It is a story not only for the few, but matter for all of us to add with profit to our mental and spiritual daily dozen.

CHARLOTTE KELLOGG.

Written-Over History

Henry Hudson, by Llewelyn Powys. New York: Harper and Brothers. $4.00.

IN THE Tate Gallery hang two popular paintings by Millais—The Boyhood of Raleigh and Northwest Passage. They are program paintings—imagined but not imaginative. What Millais attempted to do with pigments, Mr. Llewlyn Powys attempted with words, employing the romantic fancy, instead of the strictly historical imagination, to tell the story of Henry Hudson and his adventurous voyages. He succeeded admirably in creating an engaging and readable volume. But it is not history, and it is not scientific biography; rather is it well-known facts and surmises, tradition, treated chronologically and in a variety of the styles which are in the power of a trained and adroit journalist (and Mr. Powys is above all things a modern journalist).

He is, in part, Hakluyt or Purchas redivivus, or a belated William Morris writing prose romances. But he is, again in part, the modern historian in so far as he has based the facts and traditions in his narrative upon systematic and careful research. Yet he fails to be the true modern historian inasmuch as he never once even hints at the significance of Hudson's four voyages in their results on civilization. In all "discoveries" of lands and waters, Hudson had been anticipated, even in the "discovery" of New York harbor and the Hudson River. So that we get from Mr. Powys only a fresh tale, well told, of Hudson's adventurous and ignominious and pathetic death, whereas he should have signalized Hudson's voyages as having resulted in at least preparing the way for the rise of the great fisheries and fur industries which really led to the colonization of North America. Aside from the tale being engagingly retold, Mr. Powys does not add an iota to our significant knowledge, save that, through his researches, he discovers a document which reveals to us the conduct of the trial of the mutineers and which informs us that they were acquitted. Of this discovery Mr. Powys is as proud as a journalist who had scooped all Christendom, as indeed in that regard he has scooped modern romantic historians. But, in the end, his discovery of the document and his printing of the text and a bit of it in photostat does but delight the curious with a literary curiosity.

But while Mr. Powys's engaging—almost fascinating—volume does not justify our giving him a place with the new school of maritime historians, he does write with the exactitude and faithfulness to fact which we demand and expect from the scientific historian; and also, on the whole, with that charm of literary style which we seldom get from the modern historian, and may hardly expect from him. Yet, at times, Mr. Powys becomes too conscious that he can write with charm of style, and, casting aside restraint, indulges both in inane moralizings and in fine writing, even going so far as to make a sob story of the mutiny of Hudson's crew and of the passing of Hudson and those sent adrift with him into death. Moreover, he sometimes spoils the literary effect for sane taste by the most ingenious, yet irrelevant, literary and philosophical interpretations and references: as, for example, on page 166, how, in the heart of Master Greene, "born and bred of Suffolk clay, the celebrated categorical imperative of Immanuel Kant became audible"; or, on page 181, doubtfully attributing the inspiration of the Rime of the Ancient Mariner to Coleridge's reading an account of the Hudson crew mutiny.

We can hardly regard Mr. Powys's frequent use of quotations as genuine documentation, and too often he indulges in psychography where scientific biography or history was required. The book, however, is excellent information and entertainment for the general reader. It is beautifully printed on soft-toned paper, and nicely illustrated with rare maps. The bibliography is adequate. But more should have been made of sources in the public archives of the Dominion of Canada. One misprint is noted, H. P. Bigger for H. P. Biggar.

J. D. LOGAN.

For Layman's Reading

Things Catholics Are Asked About, by Martin J. Scott. New York: P. J. Kenedy and Sons. $1.50.

Meditations for the Laity, by Albert Rung. $3.50: Victims of Love: The Spiritual Life as It Can Be Lived in the World. $1.25. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Company.

Holy Matrimony, by P. J. Gannon. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $1.50.

THE ordinary Catholic has need to know his religion better, for as Father Scott says in the foreword to his book, "Catholics who are able to give a convincing reason for their faith are a light unto those who are groping after truth." No one is better qualified than Father Scott to supply the "convincing reason." He is without question the leading Catholic apologist of the day. Every one of his books is as interesting as a novel. This is just the book to give to a non-Catholic who wants to know the truth, and it is also the book for the Catholic who wishes to brush up on his catechism and his history.

There are many books of apologetics, but the layman who desires to meditate has difficulty in finding suitable books. He has been obliged to stick to his prayer-book or the Imitation or the classic spirituals, wherein he has confused his spiritual reading with his meditation strictly called; or if he has found a book of meditation he has had to adapt it to himself, for practically all books of meditation have been written for priests or religious. In Meditations for the Laity the Catholic layman seeking to sanctify his life in the world has a meditation book of his very own. People are getting used to the idea of meditation which once seemed such a bugbear. The wonderful growth of the lay-retreat movement, the increasing familiarity with things spiritual—for never was there a more intelligent and earnest spirituality among the laity than at the present time—have made innumerable souls familiar with the science of meditation. Father Rung gives a meditation for every day in the year, short, quick and entirely removed from the discursiveness that makes so many meditation books soporific. The only difficulty is that, for a handbook, it is a bit expensive. It would have been better to have made the book smaller and cheaper.

The idea of the sanctification of the laity is extended in Victims of Love. The author of the book, who prefers to remain unknown, is a member of "The Association of Victims

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for the Church," which has for its object to induce Catholic men and women living in the world to dedicate themselves more completely and entirely to the interests of the Church and the Pope by their prayers, works and sufferings. This Association was approved by Rome in 1914. The theme of the book is that perfection may be attained anywhere, even by people who are "uncatalogued." It is a book of the devotional school of the Little Flower, or the Imitation, or Saint Francis de Sales, pressing on to sanctity through "the trivial round, the common task," by animating all with the love of God. It is a small book that can be read at one sitting, but it is not easily put out of one's mind. The earnest Catholic living in the world will find much inspiration and much comfort in the book.

Father Gannon's Holy Matrimony is a series of six lectures delivered by the author in Dublin during the Lent of last year. It is a complete treatise on marriage in a popular yet learned manner that fairly carries along the reader. It is brimful of information, and there is a plentiful seasoning of humor, poetry and spirituality. It is of great value to the layman in the defense of the great institution which, in these days of easy divorce and projected companionate marriage, is incessantly attacked. Priests, too, will welcome the book as an aid in the preparation of a similar course of lectures.

HUGH F. BLUNT.

Frontier Odds

The House of Sun-Goes-Down, by Bernard De Voto. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

THE West having come into its own via the thrill magazines and the cheap two-gun, bad-men, he-man, heap-hard-boiled-Injun tradition established in the popular mind originally by the dime novels and latterly by the Zane Greys, the Curwoods, the Raines, etc., there is a measure of justice in finding the old West at last elevated from the tabloid status into realistic, faithful portraiture. For the first time in a long while, those to whom the land of the Rockies is not exclusively the background of murders, cattle-thieves and pursued maidens, had reason to rejoice when they found their country portrayed in literature in Willa Cather's Death Comes for the Archbishop. And now there is further reason for gratification on the part of the literate, for the West has come into its own in grand, flaming, dramatic fashion in Bernard De Voto's The House of Sun-Goes-Down.

The first part of this fine novel is the story of a high-minded Southerner who after the Civil War takes a wife and journeys in a Conestoga wagon to the sun-baked fastnesses of Utah. There man and nature meet in relentless combat. Strength of body and will against strength of drought and barrenness, man's indomitable soul pitted against the ironic spirit of untamed wilderness—from this essential conflict De Voto draws the main current of his story. No short comment could do full justice to the pulsating drama of James Abbey's triumph over his land, nor adequately indicate the full human spirit that breathes through the author's portraits of old Westerners, and the creative realism by which he has made the land of sagebrush and sand come alive in the part of protagonist. Under the spell of a pen that never seems to miss either the fitting descriptive phrase or the responsive harmony between a character's emotions and the situation evoking them, one is moved to pass by such tepid tributes as "Good writing," and to proclaim boldly "Superb!"

WALTER J. FAHY & CO.

Members New York Stock Exchange

NEW YORK

44 Pine Street — John 4100

522 Fifth Avenue — Murray Hill 3700

Loretto Abbey College

OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

(Within St. Michael's)

FOR CATHOLIC WOMEN

All Courses leading to a degree in Arts

An intense Catholic life and culture within the College.

Full participation in all University activities and in the educational facilities of a State-endowed institution of international repute.

For full explanation of a unique system

Address: THE DEAN, LORETTO ABBEY COLLEGE, Toronto 4

For Your Convenience

$5.00 a year domestic
5.50 in Canada
6.00 Foreign

The Commonweal
Grand Central Terminal
New York City

Please enter a subscription to The Commonweal for—

Name .....

City .....

State .....

☐ Enclosed find remittance.
☐ Send bill to

Name .....

City .....

State .....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

29th INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS
Sydney, Australia. September 6-9, 1928
Send for Preliminary Announcement of Sailings and Rates to
FARLEY TRAVEL AGENCY
535 Fifth Avenue, New York *Phone:* Murray Hill 8390
Booklet, Travel Suggestions Europe '28, on Request

Popular Pamphlets on Evolution
THE SCHOLASTIC PHILOSOPHY EXPLAINED. Price, 5 cents. $3.50 per 100 copies. Postage extra.
CERTAINTY IN RELIGION, *Revised Edition*, 15 cents at retail; 10 cents at wholesale. Postage extra.
By Rev. Henry H. Wyman, C.S.P.
THE PAULIST PRESS, 401 West 59th Street, New York City

SETON HILL COLLEGE
GREENSBURG, PA.
An Eastern School with Western Vigor
A Northern School with Southern Charm
College Women From Eighteen States
40 Miles from Dixie 43 Minutes from Pittsburgh

GOOD COUNSEL COLLEGE, White Plains, N. Y.
A CATHOLIC COLLEGE FOR WOMEN
Registered by the University of the State of New York with power to confer degrees.
PEDAGOGICAL COURSE. BEAUTIFUL LOCATION
Forty Minutes from New York. Resident and Non-Resident Students
Catalogue on application to the Secretary

ST. WALBURGA'S ACADEMIC SCHOOL
630 Riverside Drive, New York City
Boarding and Day School for Girls, conducted by the Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. Approved by the University of the State of New York. Accredited by the Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools of the Middle States and Maryland.

OUR LADY OF MERCY ACADEMY
Syosset, Long Island, New York
A Residential and Day School for Girls will open September, 1928. Healthful Location, Modern Equipment. Regents' Requirements. Conducted by the Sisters of Mercy. Address the Directress.

ELEVATORS
ELECTRIC PUSH BUTTON
EVEN A CHILD CAN OPERATE THEM WITH ABSOLUTE SAFETY
BURWAK ELEVATOR CO. 216 FULTON ST. NEW YORK CITY

REGIS COLLEGE
WESTON, MASSACHUSETTS
A Catholic Institution for the Higher Education of Women
Incorporated under the laws of the State of Massachusetts with full powers to confer Collegiate Degrees. Standard courses leading to the degrees of Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Letters, Bachelor of Science in Home Economics, and Bachelor of Science in Secretarial Studies.
Conducted by the Sisters of Saint Joseph
For Catalogue address:
THE REGISTRAR OF REGIS COLLEGE

The second part of the book is the drama of Abbey's son, who scorns his father's unending struggle for the soil's living products, and turns himself, a resistless, restless dynamo of power, to the task of wresting out of the earth unheard-of quantities of low-grade copper. Pemberton Abbey's victories over men and earth, and the woman who wins his ruthless love, are exciting; but there is a lack of purpose in his life which makes his story less fundamental and consequently less moving than that of his father and mother. We cannot but feel a deeper kinship with the trials of pioneers who fought for the very lives of their families than with an individual whose energy has no end but itself. Even Pemberton's death, implied at the close of the book in a vague fashion not worthy of this metallic-styled author, is haphazard and without meaning.

But such a novel, coming from a man only thirty-one years old, so flinty a tale of the vortex created by the clashing of primary human desires with land and water and metal so stubborn that they seem never to yield—so colorful a picture of the old West where it was man's duty, in Carlyle's words, "not to *see* what lies dimly at a distance, but to *do* what lies clearly at hand," deserves a modicum of fault-finding and a great measure of praise.

HARRY MCGUIRE.

Truth in Motley

Eugenics and Other Evils, by G. K. Chesterton. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.50.

MOST of these essays were published several years ago, in those old days when the so-called science of eugenics promised to produce a race of supermen. Even so clear a thinker as Bernard Shaw, as "G. K." has reminded us, was among those who were considering the idea that to breed a man like a cart-horse was the true way to attain that higher civilization, of intellectual magnanimity and sympathetic insight, which may be found in cart-horses. Many things have happened since those days of the great discovery—including a war, Judge Ben Lindsey and companionate marriage. The war had its own way of dealing with babies and Judge Lindsey has another, so that one of the early months in the Year of Grace 1928 finds Gilbert Keith Chesterton contributing an article to an American magazine not on the evils of eugenics, but on the topic Why Abolish the Family?

Nevertheless there is much in these chapters which may be read to advantage in these days when the question discussed on public platform and in the press is not whether babies shall be ushered into the world properly certified as pre-natally eugenically perfect, but whether there shall be any babies at all. For example, there echoes today in the chorus of acclaim for companionate marriage some note of the old eugenist's clamor for the production by prospective trial bridegrooms of health books, and there can be no harm in calling attention once more to the fact that the strong young man is the one individual who has no health book.

One paragraph from the chapter entitled The True History of a Tramp is all that space permits to be purloined from these treasurable messages of the past to the post-eugenists of the present:

"As the Christ Child could be hidden from Herod—so the child unborn is still hidden from the oppressor. He who lives not yet, he, and he alone, is left; and they seek his life to take it away."

ERNEST F. BODDINGTON.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"You find me deeply perturbed," announced Doctor Angelicus, as Britannicus entered the Library puffing his briar pipe in after-luncheon vigorousness. "There is a letter here from Cousin Andromache which brings some of our family affairs to an acute crisis. You may have heard me mention Aunt Medora—the widowed relict of my uncle Peter Angelicus, who died of heart failure during a speech made for the abolitionists before the war—the Civil War of course. Aunt Medora has long been a secret thorn in the family epidermis, due to her persistent frivolity and also, not a little, to her persistent impecuniousness, my uncle having left her only the farmland and house at Mill Hole and, to Andromache's great distress, some of our most precious family portraits and furniture. You remember the short lyric we published last year by Medora Schrugg Angelicus, beginning with the lovely, tripping quatrain:

"Shaded by the rhododendrons
In her little cot,
Ramparted 'mid blooms and tendrils
Flirts the little Hottentot—"

"Well, to confess one of our secrets—the little Hottentot is dear, fantastic, old Aunt Medora herself, the beloved of all the folk of Sniggerstown, the burden and private scandal of all the proud Angelicus family. Now, Andromache, mindful or not of the family antiques lurking in the little cot, has for many years paid the taxes on the place and granted a monthly annuity of $30.00 to the frivolous little imitation of Emily Dickinson that fate and an early marriage have thrust upon our decorous family. Recently Andromache, having learned that Aunt Medora was looking a little run-down in her frequent visits to the drug shop on Main Street, made up a package of some of her old gowns and dispatched them to Mill Hole only to receive this letter which she forwards to me:

"Annie Angelicus: That you should have the impudence to dump your old clothes on Medora Schrugg, daughter of your old dominie Emmanuel Schrugg, whose family came to America ten years before an Angelicus was ever heard of! I send you back your rags and worn-out fichus, and I shall tell all our friends at the prayer meeting of how you have insulted the poetess of Sniggerstown and the old family traditions of our place. Medora Schrugg Angelicus."

"You can imagine, Britannicus, the feelings of Andromache in having her old protégé turn upon her in this fashion, when I inform you that last spring after she had learned that the town was whispering about Aunt Medora's frequent visits to Deacon Drapnel's drug shop, and her frequent references to the beef, iron and wine that he supplied her, Andromache awaited Aunt Medora's departure for Boston to attend the convention of the Rhododendron and Iris Society and made her way into her cottage to ascertain whether the old things were still in their place. Delving in an old clothes closet she found under a heap of worn-out shoes a large number of bottles of hip-flack dimensions speaking highly flavorously of the vase—'You may break, you may shatter.'

"All this may explain the eternally young spirit of Aunt Medora, why the children and townsfolk say she is the only human Angelicus of the whole family; why her poems have been taken so often by the Sunday School Record and other denominational weeklies, why Mill Hole takes its place in all New England literature as the home of a singing bird, an

COLLEGE OF SAINT ELIZABETH
MORRISTOWN, NEW JERSEY
A Catholic college for women offering courses leading to Bachelor degrees in arts, science and music. Registered by State Boards of Education in N. Y., N. J. and Pa. Courses in Home Economics and Music. Campus of 400 acres. Tennis, hockey, riding and other sports. Catalogue
Address Dean, Box C. Convent Station, New Jersey

MALVERN
Preparatory School
RESIDENT and Day School situated in beautiful Chester valley. Large estate. New buildings. Athletic field, gymnasium, lake. Classical and scientific courses of four years each. Catalog.
REV. W. G. RAFTER, O.S.A., *Headmaster*, Malvern, Pa.

ST. XAVIER COLLEGE
For Women
4928 COTTAGE GROVE AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILL.
Conducted by the Sisters of Mercy
Liberal Arts Course, Pre-Medical, Music, Art
Teachers' Promotional Credit Classes
Autumn, Winter, and Spring Quarters
Send for Announcement

Modern Feet
They dance all night,
They know no rest
To keep up with them
Is the final test.
To keep your feet fit
A correct shoe must be worn
You'll have no foot trouble
If you buy PEDIFORME.

Regardless of the nature of your foot troubles, "PEDIFORME" shoes will aid you to regain normalcy. Write for our FREE Style Book K that tells how to overcome foot ills in the natural way.
PEDIFORME SHOE COMPANY
36 W. 36th St. New York
29 Washington Pl. East Orange, N. J.
322 Livingston St. Brooklyn

BURR PRINTING HOUSE
FOUNDED 1837
FRANKFORT AND JACOB STREETS
NEW YORK, N. Y.
CATALOGUES, MAGAZINES, BOOKS
AND COMMERCIAL PRINTING

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IRISH BACON—HAMS
Westphalian Hams — German Frankfurters
IMPORTERS
M. H. GREENEBAUM, Inc.
220 GREENWICH STREET NEW YORK

Academy of Notre Dame
TYNGSBOROUGH, MASSACHUSETTS
A Catholic Boarding School for Girls
Conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur
Affiliated to the Catholic University, to Trinity College and to Emmanuel College
The Academy replaces the boarding department of the Academy of Notre Dame, Lowell. It comprises primary, grammar and High School Classes. The two hundred and twenty acres lie among New England hills and woods, affording opportunities for all out-door sports, including boating and horse-back riding.
Address SISTER SUPERIOR

St. Hilda Guild, Inc.
CHURCH VESTMENTS, ALTAR LINEN
Ecclesiastical Embroidery
Conferences with reference to the adornment of churches
Old Embroidery Transferred
131 EAST 47th STREET NEW YORK
Vanderbilt 8761

ACADEMY of the SACRED HEARTS
FALL RIVER, MASSACHUSETTS
Boarding and Day School for Girls
Affiliated with the Catholic University, Washington, D. C.
Conducted by the Religious of the Holy Union of the Sacred Hearts
ROME
These Religious also conduct an Establishment in Rome. A large estate beautifully situated on the Via Salaria. Excellent advantage in Modern Languages, Music and Art.
For further information communicate with the
REVEREND MOTHER, 466 Prospect St., Fall River, Mass.

A SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
OAK KNOLL School of the Holy Child
AN ELEMENTARY and COLLEGE PREPARATORY SCHOOL
SUMMIT, N. J. Resident and Day Pupils
Campus of 12 Acres on One of Summit's Highest Points
Rosemont College at Rosemont, Pa., St. Frideswide's at Oxford and finishing schools in Paris, Rome and Freibourg, are also under the supervision of the Sisters of the Holy Child Jesus. 44 Blackburn Road, Phone Summit 1804

MOUNT SAINT AGNES
MT. WASHINGTON, MD.
Boarding and Day School—Conducted by the Sisters of Mercy
HIGH SCHOOL COURSE OF FOUR YEARS
Affiliated with Catholic University of America. Approved and accredited by the Maryland State Department of Education and the Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools of the Middle States and Maryland. College Preparatory, General Academic, Commercial Courses, Music, Art, Domestic Science, Gymnasium, Swimming Pool, Horseback Riding. Private Rooms with or without bath.
JUNIOR HIGH AND PREPARATORY CLASSES
Secretarial School for High School Graduates

inspired bosk of irises and rhododendrons. Sweet to all the world, except to the Angelicus family that has maintained her all these years, Aunt Medora seems destined to pass into our American literature as one of the lovely, cheerful lyrists of our countryside. The pastor's wife sends her jellies and embroidered handkerchiefs; Main Street is in holiday when she passes to and from the drug shop; the school children recognize her as the pride and delight of the village; the motor men drive her homeward and reverently leave her delicate person on her embowered doorstep. But inside the house the portraits of my grandfathers and uncles—old paintings and daguerreotypes of my womenfolk—look down on her incredulously, but her laughter, her sweet girlish spirit, throws off the Puritanical reserve of her furniture; there are also on her tables many flamboyant books of poetry, bound in scarlet and yellow wall-papers, and it has even been whispered that recently the neighbors have seen a lighted cigarette between her failing teeth as she bends over her coffee in the morning sunshine. What are we to do with Aunt Medora? Andromache is in a dangerous mood and has forbidden Scylla and Charybdis to visit Mill Hole; but, of course, she will still continue to pay the county taxes and her monthly allowance, at least, to save our family pride."

"My dear Angelicus," replied Britannicus, "do not let this little family fracas disturb you. We have all our poor relations and our rich connections, and as long as we do not receive their communications from the poor houses or the jails our family honor may be said to be untarnished. I should advise you, Angelicus, to run up to Sniggerstown. Calm Andromache with the hopes of obtaining the family relics; speak a word in consultation to the Deacon in regard to Aunt Medora's declining health, and drop in on her for a tea-time call; soothe her with appreciation of her poems and the popularity she enjoys at home and in Boston, Philadelphia and New York."

"Words of real wisdom, Britannicus," replied the Doctor. "I shall run out next week on this mission of peace. I shall surely visit Aunt Medora; her garden must be particularly lovely at this season and, beside that, she serves with her tea a most delicious liqueur which she concocts from rose-leaves, that has a peculiar pungency which speaks highly of her art in distilling flowers. Yes, Britannicus, I shall undertake this embassy of good-will and harmony, Cousin Andromache shall not stop me. Then I might even ask Aunt Medora to give me old Judge Angelicus's armchair in which I have always been so particularly comfortable."

—THE LIBRARIAN.

CONTRIBUTORS

CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON, American newspaperman and correspondent for the New York Times, World and Tribune, is the author of The New Voter; and Party Leaders of the Time.

JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., historian, journalist and lecturer, is the author of The Thirteenth, the Greatest of Centuries; The Popes and Science; and numerous other works.

JOHN P. BARTON is a contemporary Irish-American poet, residing in Boston.

VINCENT ENGELS is an instructor of English at the University of Notre Dame.

EVANGELINE CHAPMAN COZZENS is a New York poet.

MICHEAL G. HEINTZ is a contributor to legal and financial publications and a member of the Ohio bar.

SARAH HAMMOND KELLY is a poet of California.

CHARLOTTE KELLOGG is a member of the National Research Council, the author of Women of Belgium, and the translator of Madame Curie's Pierre Curie.

J. D. LOGAN, head of the department of English in Marquette University, was for many years a journalist and music critic in Canada and the United States.

REV. HUGH F. BLUNT, poet and critic, is pastor of the Sacred Heart Church, Braintree, Massachusetts, and the author of Poems; Spiritual Songs; and Homely Spirituals.

HARRY MCGUIRE, of Denver, Colorado, is the editor of Outdoor Life.

ERNEST F. BODDINGTON, formerly on the editorial staff of the Montreal Herald and Sunday editor of the New York Times, is the playwright of The Heretic, and the dramatizer of To Have and To Hold.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED